

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, i't were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bar, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiht of fence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandar, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the engineer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugges the guts into the neighbour roomes;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans
and Gyldesterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?

King. What Gertrard, how dooes Hamlet?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnscene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haune
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease

To keepe it from diuulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
Among a mincral of mettals base,
Shoves it selfe pure, a weeper for what is done.

King. O Gertrard, come away,

K.

The